

The book cover is a deep red color with a fine, pebbled texture. It features blind-stamped decorative elements, including a large, symmetrical floral or foliate motif in the center and smaller, similar designs in the four corners. The central motif appears to be a stylized flower or a cluster of leaves. The text is printed in a bold, serif font, centered on the cover.

LEAVES
FROM
THE LAKE SIDE

Wordsworth

PR

3991

A1

L43

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

last edition 1864.

Scenes.

C. J.

087

Pt. 135.

NOT IN BL.

Leaves from the Lake Side.



W. Banks del.

HEAD OF WINDERMERE FROM LOW WOOD

LEAVES
FROM
THE LAKE SIDE.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

TO

MRS. HARRISON,

OF

Scale How.



AMBLESIDE :
PUBLISHED (IN AID OF THE CHURCH FUNDS) BY
MRS. NICHOLSON, POST OFFICE.

MDCCCLIV.

J. HUDSON, PRINTER, KENDAL.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
On the Consecration of the New Church at Ambleside, ...	1
On Reading Mr. Wordsworth's "Prelude,"	3
Coniston, ...	4
Windermere, ...	5
"Let us to the steep Hill Side,"	6
To an early Snow-drop, ...	8
To a Sea-gull on Coniston Water, ...	9
In Memory of a Day in the Trosachs, ...	11
To my Mother, on her Birthday, ...	12
A Sketch, ...	13
The Water Lily, ...	15
The Winter Nosegay, ...	16
To M. S. on her Birthday, ...	17

	PAGE.
To an Old Favourite,...	18
To C. E. B.	19
The Crocus, ...	20
After a Drought, ...	21
Summer Evenings, ...	22
Furness Abbey, ...	23
"I saw a Wild Swan," ...	24
To M. M. S.—A Tale of a Summer's Day, ...	26
In Memory of E. L. L.	29
On the Terrace at Rydal Mount, ...	30
On the Death of the Duke of Wellington, ...	31
In Memory of "The Great Duke," ...	32
Thoughts on a Mountain Churchyard, ...	34
London by Moonlight ...	36
To "Undine," ...	37
The Month of February, ...	38
A Song... ..	39
"A wild yet delicate array," ...	41
The Camp at Chobham, ...	43
The Review at Spithead, ...	44
"Hills, I would paint ye! "...	45
Water Park, ...	46

CONTENTS.

vii.

	PAGE.
The Holly, ...	49
To A. D. 	51
After the Declaration of War, ...	53
At Scarborough, on the Anniversary of the Queen's Coronation, ...	54
To M. R. after our return from Yorkshire and the Coast, ...	55
In Memory of J. W. F. H. 	56

LEAVES FROM THE LAKE SIDE.



ON THE CONSECRATION OF THE NEW CHURCH AT AMBLESIDE.



SHOUT! Loughrigg, from your rugged heights!

Rotha, lift up your voice!

Sing merrily ye mountain streams,

And all ye hills rejoice!

Ring with a sounding peal, ye Bratha bells—

Roll your rich music on!

Through every winding of the sister vale

The symphony prolong.

Ye children of *this* favoured vale,

A joyful chorus raise !

Pour forth the fervour of your hearts

In one loud song of praise !

A fair and lovely Temple unto God

To-day is consecrate ;

May the sweet blessing of His grace descend

On all who here shall wait

Within the portals of its sacred walls:—

Then raise your voices high !

'Till the wild echoes of your native rocks

Your gladness testify.



ON READING MR. WORDSWORTH'S
"PRELUDE."

IN fond perusal, and with heart alive
To tenderest sympathies, by thee instilled
Through verse that shall endure unto the end,
I lingered o'er thy "Prelude"—Bard revered! —
Type meet of thy dear native regions,—tracts
Of wild and rugged grandeur interspersed
With radiant beauty and sublimity.
Oh! may our thoughts, in peace led on by thee
Through Nature to our God, not seldom turn
To thy mild presence moving upon earth,
In quiet social intercourse and love
To all of human kind; illumining,
With the sweet sunshine of thy daily life,
The very scenes it was thy joy to sing.

CONISTON.

I LOVE the quiet of our mountain home—
 The lake with varied images imprest,
 In dream-like softness, on its tremulous breast ;
 And thee, serene “ Old Man,” in pride of power
 Uplifting high thy venerable brow
 Over the heather-crested Furness Fells,
 Proclaiming to the distant hills of Wales,
 Of Scotia, and the nearer brotherhood
 Of Westmorland and Cumbria’s rocky peaks,
 The world of beauty lying at thy feet.
 And now, abiding in a Yorkshire vale,
 I think of thee, dear Coniston ! thy woods,
 Crags, fells, and fir-crowned promontories, instinct
 With sylvan melody, and voice of mountain streams.

BRAMHAM VICARAGE.

WINDERMERE.

FAIR queen of English Lakes—beautiful Windermere !
With thy rich glades and hills receding far
Into the regions of the setting sun, whose light
Refulgent gleams from out thy crystal depths ;
An image thou to me of Joy portrayed
On memory's purest page. In every change—
In smiles or tears, froward and vexed with storms
And passions of contending elements,
Or in thy garb of graceful loveliness—
Thou art to me the same loved Windermere !
And bringest recollections sweet of days
Passed with old friends upon thy wooded shores
And islands decked with lily of the vale—
Fairest of English Lakes—bright, joyous Windermere !

I.

LET us to the steep hill side,
When the clouds are flying—
Dappling the mountain's breast,
In light and shadow lying !

II.

Let us dive into the woods
When the hazels, leaming,
Rustle through the Autumn leaves
In sun-lit radiance gleaming !

III.

Let us skim the gentle lake
When the moon is shining ;
And each soft and summer cloud
Reveals its "silver lining !"

IV.

Let us gaze upon the scene,
Old Winter's power confessing—
The snow is on the mountain top,
Clouds from the cold north pressing ;

V.

Then homeward lovingly retire ;—
Around the bright and social fire,
Our hearts at ease—what more desire ?
Each season brings its blessing.

TO AN EARLY SNOW-DROP.

FAITHFUL precursor of the floral train,
Chaste Snow-drop ! thou hast come to us again,
Child of old Christmas ! trusted, without fear,
To the kind fostering of the glad New Year :
We hail thee, in deep love, the promise bright
—To all who read the works of God aright—
Of coming Spring, and every new delight
The circling year brings round, each in its turn,
From the pale primrose to the russet fern,
Profusely scattered, ushering in the time
Of merry Christmas, glittering in rime,
With wreaths of bright green holly on his brows.
Ye snow-drops, and each little flower that blows,
Attune our hearts to Him from whom all bounty flows !

TO A SEA-GULL ON CONISTON WATER.



WELCOME, wild ranger of the stormy sea !
To the sweet shores of this fair inland mere.
Here, on the jutting point of some lone rock,
Fold quietly your restless wings, and stay your flight ;
Or light, in peace, on that green firry Isle,
On which, two summers since, a kindred pair,
Drawn hither by the mystic influence
Of Love and Nature, took up their abode ;
Then winged their devious way toward the main.
In every clime, thy form, bright sea-gull ! cheers
The wanderer sailing o'er the trackless deep,
And speaks to him of home ; whether 'mid isles
Of sunny splendour in the tropic seas
The vessel glides, or tossing on the waves
That lash the stormy shores of that wild cape,
Afric's extremest verge. There wheels on graceful wing
The snowy albatross, dropping a curious glance
Of his dark liquid eye upon the deck ;

Then, sinking on the crest of some huge wave ;
Then, up again, and wheeling round and round,
In ceaseless flight, his wild majestic course.
Among the varied followers of his train,
Airy and light, the little sea-gull cleaves,
With dear familiar wing, the briny air.
What marvel, then, that one who oft has shared
Your loved companionship on distant seas,
Should greet your presence here on Coniston ?
Then, lonely wanderer, fold your wings and rest !

IN MEMORY OF A DAY IN THE TROSACHS, WITH
T. M. C. ON THE 11TH OF JULY, 1849.

FROM royal Stirling's haughty towers and town—
In glad anticipation—for the day
We bent our steps to lovely Loch Achray ;
Traversed the Brig of Allan, and were soon
Passing the shady woods of Castled Doune ;
The flooded Teith, companion of our way,
—Eddying and dashing on right merrily—
With beating hearts the Brig of Turk we won.
The wilding rose still hung in tresses gay
As when the Knight of Snowdown to the chase
Urged through the Trosachs' gorge his gallant grey,
Foaming and straining in the deadly race.
With him we gazed on Katrine's fairy strand,
And Ellen waved for us a *visionary* hand.

TO MY MOTHER, ON HER BIRTH-DAY, THE
FIRST OF MAY.

THE lark, wild chorister ! from Heaven's dome,
Pours forth a flood of melody ; the thrush
Warbles a glad reply from brake and bush ;
For merry May, in beauty's power, hath come,
Filling the vale with joy : the Cuckoo's note
Sounds from the mountain side, and soft airs float
Rich with the hawthorn blossom's fresh perfume ;
Each little bird trills from her leafy home
The song of love, and fain would I devote
A lay of mine to celebrate for Thee
The day on which thy tender infancy
First saw the light : long may we fondly note
The snows of age press gently on thy brow—
Blessing and blessed, as is thy portion now !

A SKETCH.



A HERON resting in still loneliness
Beside the gloomy waters of a Tarn—
One of a group encompassèd with forms
Of ancient rugged mountains, some in light,
Some wrapped in darkest shade ; deep silence reigned.
The air was sultry ; thick and leaden clouds
Rolled down the massive front of Wetherlam ;
Anon large plashy rain-drops scattering fell,
Then pealed the thunder forth.

The tumult ceased :—

Meanwhile our homeward path had led us on
To where a sharp and sudden turn revealed
The glistening expanse of Thurston mere
Spread at our feet : the bird that erewhile seemed
One with the cold grey stone on which it stood,
In steady flight, now sailing overhead,

Pressed onward to a grove of lofty firs,
Tinged with the glory of the setting sun.
The rivulet danced lightly down the glen ;
The soft breeze wafted odours of fresh flowers,
And evening closed around.



THE WATER LILY.

VICTORIA Regia ! peerless flower ! thy rule
Obtains through distant realms that own the sway
Of our loved Island Queen. Far, far away,
In dusky Ind, o'er many a quiet pool,
The crimson Lotus spreads its blossoms full,
And glowing in the light of eastern day,
Or mingled in harmonious array
With that fair Lily, bright and beautiful,
Reposing 'mid broad leaves in silvery sheen
Upon the waters of our native land.
Long may Britannia's Sceptre, held with hand
Beneficent of our most gracious Queen,
Its influence shed wherever this sweet flower
Unfolds its beauty on remotest shore !

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

Most pleasing task is it for maiden fair,
When the keen blast rides high upon the hills,
And locked in icy bondage sleep the rills,
To form, with ready hand and skilful care,
A Winter Nosegay, culled from buds that lie
With shining berries mixt—haply one flower
Of blue-eyed periwinkle, a rich dower—
In deep recesses of the shrubbery.
Such tasks are not in vain ; they foster seeds
Of heaven-exalted Charity and Love,
Sweet feminine graces, gladdening the earth—
Fruitful in happy thoughts and bounteous deeds
That rise, as incense, to the skies above,
And shed their lustre round the Christmas hearth.

TO M. S. ON HER BIRTHDAY, 16TH NOVEMBER.

REGARDLESS of cold winds and gathering snows
—Countless as stars, and as serenely bright
Each beaded floweret twinkling into light—
The clustered Laurustinus softly throws
A halo o'er the year's decline, and blows
Emblem of constant and abiding worth.
So thou, my Sister ! in thy race, on earth
Fulfilling a blest mission, at the close
Of each succeeding Autumn stand'st renewed
In fairest graces of the mind and heart,
And in all virtues that true peace impart :
—Most truly happy as most truly good—
Following the footsteps of the Saints above ;—
By steadfast faith sustained in gentle deeds of love.

TO AN OLD FAVOURITE.

ROBIN ! thou hast indeed a pretty seat,
On the bright laurustinus' topmost twig ;—
There stay awhile ! it is a very treat
To watch thee look around so proud and big,
As if grim Winter had not in his power
To move, with dread alarms, thy ruddy breast.
Now, while the Sun shines on thee, take thy rest—
Or fly away ! but should dark tempests lour,
Then come to us again ! Thou wast the friend of man,
And art so still, if ancient faith holds good !
Old benefits must ne'er forgotten be !
And wheresoe'er or when we meet with thee,
We'll think of the lost children in the wood,
And shield and shelter thee as best we can.

TO C. E. B.

HEALTH and the choicest blessings of God's hand
Attend thee, maiden! from the sunny fields
Of Kent descended, in our mountain land
Henceforth to bloom. May He who safely shields
The lamb from wildest fury of the blast,
Keep thee unscathed amid the storms of life—
A loving, loved, serene and happy wife—
And take thee gently to himself at last!
May fondest Memory with Hope still blend
To gild the bright strong river of thy love!
And we, who hail thee Cousin! Sister! Friend!
—Rejoicing in thy happiness—will move
The Lord of Life to bless, through every age,
Thee and the Partner of thy Pilgrimage.

THE CROCUS.

Now doth the Crocus lift from out the sod
Her golden cup, telling of Spring's bright hours ;
Telling of myriads of Summer flowers ;
Telling of hope revived ; telling of God :—
Telling to those who bow beneath the rod
Of his severest chastisement, "the snows
Of Winter past, sweetly shall bloom the rose ;"
Telling that all our care shall vanish at his nod.
And telleth not this little radiant flower,
The great and glorious mystery of our faith ?
The body rescued from the grave's dread power
Shall live again—as Revelation sayeth.
A type from Nature's volume to explain—
The dead, redeemed in Christ, shall rise again.

AFTER A DROUGHT.

ONCE more the dashing streams and floods are out,
Mingling their music with the voice of Spring ;
The baffling breezes bear, on scattered wing,
Sea birds, that, wearied of the troubled rout
And desolation of their own domain,
Seek, mid our mountains, strands where wildly break
The crystal waves of many a lovely lake,
Then back to Ocean wend their way again.
These winged wanderers afford a link
In the mind's intercourse with earlier days,
Leading us, not unlovingly, to think
Of the white cliffs, broad leas, and pebbly bays,
Where Kentish shores advance into the deep,
And seem, for England's weal, a jealous watch to keep.

SUMMER EVENINGS.



I LOVE to mark, when June's soft evenings creep
Into the silent shadowy hours of night,
The wild duck lead in interrupted flight
Her venturous brood, brushing the limpid deep ;
To note at intervals with sudden leap
The silver trout in magic circles break
The mirrored surface of the slumbering lake,
While through the twilight sky the pale stars shyly peep.
All hail to thee Winander ! gemmed with isles,
And joyous as a lady in the flush
Of virgin beauty, radiant with smiles :—
All hail to thee thou sovereign mere ! but hush—
'Twas Coniston that first inspired my song,
And to her wilder charms these memories belong

FURNESS ABBEY.



SAY, Monks of Furness ! what were your dismay,
Could ye, uprisen from your graves, behold
The sanctuary where, in days of old,
Ye moved in companies to chaunt and pray ?
Could ye but hear those reverend cloisters gray
Resounding with the engine's startling scream ;
The quiet aud composure of a dream,
Changed for the clang of full-blown revelry !
'Tis true the ivyed walls their place retain ;
The ruined arch and column still are there ;
The sculptured knight and pious dame, but where
The peace that hovered round the sacred fane ?
Where the seclusion, wild yet calm and still,
That hallowed the deep shades of Bekang's-Ghyll ?

I.

I SAW a Wild Swan sailing onwardly
—That day by the still waters deep beguiled ;—
I heard the Cuckoo's clear repeated cry,
In tones as weirdly mystical as wild.

II.

I saw a Trout high leaping from the flood
That gleamed in azure light beneath the sky ;
I heard a Pheasant crowing from the wood
That peers into the lake so witchingly.

III.

I saw a Heron, flapping heavily
On dark grey pinion, slowly move ;
I heard the Stock-dove, cooing mournfully,
With lowly murmured plaints fill all the grove.

IV.

I saw the Hawthorn spray all clothed with white
—Its perfume delicate upon the gale ;—
I heard the Blackbird's thrilling note invite
Soft answer from each warbler of the vale.

V.

Such are the sights and sounds that charm the eye,
Or please the ear, and win the heart to love
Each fair inhabitant of earth or sky,
And all that in the waters live and move.



TO M. M. S.,
A TALE OF A SUMMER'S DAY.

MINNIE ! you now are far away from us,
And I would fain to your remembrance bring
The pleasures of a day, one of those passed
On Coniston together ; then the time
The stately fox-glove in her pride looks forth,
Claiming the meed of highest praise, for grace
And majesty of mien, mid all the train
Of Flora's wildings scattered through the groves :
When water-lilies set in greenest shade
Spread their fair blossoms on the sunny tide.
The day I now recall, the mountains old
Shewed through a glimmering haze, and the calm lake
In one broad mirror, stretched its wide expanse,
Reflecting all the witchery of the scene.
Save the soft murmur of the restless bee,
And never-ceasing hum of insect wings,
All the charmed heavens and all the earth was still.

You and I, then, with other two who shared
The rich enjoyments of this summer time,
With silent oar, pushed from the eastern bank,
And steered to where a mountain-cradled brook
Mingles its waters with the unconscious mere.
On either hand we marked an easy line
Of glittering beach, formed of deposit borne
In hurrying particles, by the wild stream,
From a mine's mouth, deep seated in the breast
Of that bold mountain, rearing its stern front,—
The venerable guardian of the vale.
The cattle, straying from the neighbouring meads,
Had here assembled, and now seemed as fixed
In the cool waters solacing their limbs :
Quiet and motionless they stood in knots,
Here groups of cows, and there the younger kine.
We gazed in mute enjoyment of the scene ;
Slowly then turned away, skirting the shore,
But had not far rowed onward in our course
Toward the upper confines of the lake,
When, suddenly, a splashing and a noise
Of scampering footsteps made us look around,
And there we saw that fair and beauteous herd

—That late, composed as statuary, basked
In the cool freshness of the crystal mere—
Rushing with frantic plunging, to the brink,
And scattered o'er the fields. What could it mean ?
What had so rudely broken their repose ?
We looked again, much wondering, and descried
A dark spot moving in towards the shore—
A black and shaggy head—now on the beach
Old Rover stood and shook his dripping form.
We could not choose but laugh, and all the woods
And all the hills awakened to our glee.

I cannot tell ; but, Minnie ! still I think
That something may be gathered from this tale ;
And if, in future days, you ever feel,
Through careless hap or unintentional slight,
The smooth and fair composure of the mind
Disturbed or broken in upon, then think
Of Rover's freak upon the summer lake.

IN MEMORY OF E. L. L.

I SAW two lilies floating side by side,
 Within the deep recesses of a bay ;
Both lovely seemed upon the summer tide,
 But one was slowly vanishing away ;
The fading form upon the lake's calm breast
Seemed like a well-loved friend slow sinking into rest.

I thought of thee, Eliza ! with the bloom
 Of health and beauty on thy youthful cheek ;
I thought of thee slow sinking to the tomb,
 Thy gentle spirit so confiding, meek,
Content to flee away and be at rest
With angels fair in mansions of the blest.

And thou art gone ! no more shall that sweet smile
 Illume thy earthly home, and loving friends
Shall mourn thee for awhile—and yet awhile ;
 But hope looks up where natural sorrow ends
We must not all too long repine at thy release,
Thy paths were Virtue's paths and thy last end was peace.

ON THE TERRACE AT RYDAL MOUNT.

SILENT and slow the dropping walnut leaves
Fall on the terrace-walk; the cawing rooks
Babble aloft, and Rotha's voice below
Murmurs deep music to the answering brooks
That down the solemn mountains lightly flow.
Stirred by such influences, Fancy weaves
A tissue of heart-mysteries that grow
Of memories old, and hope that oft deceives.
Brightly as gleams that ray of heavenly light,
Touching with golden beam a shadowy sail
On Windermere, so let glad thoughts prevail,
And dissipate all shapes of woe and night.
Here Wordsworth used to wander at his will,
Here let us fondly dream his spirit watches still.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON.

WHY gathers that dark cloud on Albion's brow,
Hanging in gloom o'er Dover's ancient keep ?
What is it bids the tear of manhood flow,
And why do Britain's daughters sadly weep ?
Why, drooping, waves her flag upon the deep ?
The mighty Orb of Wellington hath set !
Therefore these signs, a nation's stern regret
For him, her aged Chieftain fallen asleep.
Our loved Sovereign, in her Highland home,
Mourneth the brave, firm champion of her throne
And venerated counsellor, now gone
Up to those gates where all, who trusting come,
Shall enter in to glory—their reward,
Promised, through intercession of our Lord.

IN MEMORY OF "THE GREAT DUKE."

THE great, the noble, and the wise,
Hath sunk into the tomb ;
Ever, as incense, out the gloom
Shall his great virtues rise.

Lo ! England sorrowing o'er her noblest son.
England shall mourn, for many and many a day,
Her loss in him for ever past away,
Her soldier——WELLINGTON !

The memory of his deeds shall never die
The memory of his transcendent worth
Shall shed its light in glory o'er the earth,
To all posterity.

Wise at the Council ; mighty in the Field ;
VICTORIA felt, and marked, with royal pride,
His honesty and truth, and at her side,
When faction raised its head, he stood her shield.

Honour's bright star he ever kept in sight,
From youth to manhood, manhood up to age ;
And ever, through a lengthened pilgrimage,
His Country's welfare and his Sovereign's right

Were graven on his heart ; each selfish aim
Of interest or glory cast aside,
He won a height of greatness that defied
Detraction's subtlest breath to touch his fame.

Honoured he lived, how deep lamented died !
A grateful country bore him to his grave ;
And now, twin-heroes of the land and wave,
NELSON and WELLINGTON rest side by side.

THOUGHTS ON A MOUNTAIN CHURCHYARD.

A FITTING resting place is there,
For the Christian departed in godly fear,
With a loving trust in his Saviour dear !

All beauteous forms around it lie ;
Mountains aspiring to the sky ;
Above—the bright starred canopy.

The glistening lake ; the moonlight pale ;
Shadows of clouds that slowly sail,
Lightly borne on the passing gale.

That soft low murmuring from the hills
—The unceasing song of the virgin rills—
The heart with a quiet rapture fills ;

Whilst Faith, with Hope's fond tremblings,
Steals o'er the Spirit ; on angel wings,
Leading it up to heavenly things.

Be it for us, when life is past,
—Each earth-born sin and sorrow cast
On Him who died to heal our woes—
Gently to sink in such repose
At last !



LONDON BY MOONLIGHT.

ON READING IN THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE, EXTRACTS HEADED "LONDON BY MOONLIGHT," BY LIEUT. BLACKMORE, R.N., SUB-TREASURER OF THE "LONDON FEMALE DORMITORY AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTION," 20, CLARENDON SQUARE.

WITH what a chastened ruthful mien dost thou,
Oh gentle moon ! in silver light, look down
Upon the broad ways of the MIGHTY TOWN !
There haply wander, sad and careworn, now
When sounds of Christmas mirth on all sides flow,
A fallen Sisterhood, who nightly roam
—Outcasts from innocence and joys of home—
In aspect gay, hearts stricken deep with woe.
Extend thy hand, fair Charity—assuage
Their many griefs ; in pity lend thy aid
To snatch them from the cold and withering shade
Of Poverty and Vice ; their steps engage
In happier paths, and lead them to explore
The ways of Virtue and to SIN NO MORE.

TO "UNDINE."



It seems as if some spirit of the mere,
Enchanter bold, hath raisèd for "Undine"
This harbour—a safe refuge from the gale !
Here may she float secure, 'till o'er the vale,
—Showering her richest gifts with gracious mien—
Spring, robed in sunny vesture, shall appear.
As when Adventurer on the Arctic Main,
Held for a season chained with frozen band
Amid stern forms of nature, grouped around
In aspect terrible,—loud crashing sound
Of labouring ice-fields heard on every hand—
Released, hath sped to fairer scenes again :
Will we, "Undine," the reign of Winter o'er,
Together seek old haunts oft visited before.

THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

IN February's name is heard the sound
That tells of snow-falls, alternate with beams
Shot from the glancing coronet of Spring.
Within its days, first the deep woodlands ring
With uatural melody, and happy dreams
Of young and budding love first prompt the pen
To trace the tale—oft told of gods and men—
Wherein fair words and flattering tropes abound.
Then live St. Valentine ! and *vive l'Amour !*
Ever whilst birds shall warble ; flowers blow ;
And over hill and vale their influence throw—
Let merry maids still blush, and boys adore !
Thrice happy they who loving, live to tell
They've lov'd as wisely as they have lov'd well.

SONG.

Two barks rode lightly o'er the waves
On Thurston's gleaming waters;
The first was mann'd by fisher-knaves;
And fairest of Eve's daughters—
Two laughing maids of Cumberland,
Intent on sport and merry,
Sweet Sisters, link'd in love's blest band,
Guided the second wherry.

The barks so gay upon the bay
Were soon drawn close together;
Nor wish'd the boys for sunnier joys,
Nor car'd for fish or weather:
They laugh'd, they sang, the woodlands rang
With notes of the fair Sisters;
But friends must part—be still my heart!
And rowing *will* leave *blisters*.

These fisher-knaves had danc'd the waves
Of many a distant clime,
Where the dark ocean nightly laves,
And breathes the fragrant lime ;
And yet they say, that far away,
And lifted o'er the waters,
They never knew so rare a crew
As those FAIR CUMBRIAN DAUGHTERS.



I.

A WILD yet delicate array,
Those purple Crocus flowers,
That, straggling o'er the walk, would say,
“ A happy lot is ours—

II.

“ Glad daughters of the year's first pride—
A troop of Nymphs—we come
In our most choice attire, a Bride
To greet within her home.

III.¹

“ A home where fairest Charity
Shall dwell an honoured guest ;
And meek-eyed Faith and Constancy
Shall find a place of rest :

IV.

“ Where quiet thoughts, content, with love,
 Shall lead the sunny hours—
Until, transplanted she shall bloom
 ’Mid ever-living flowers.”



THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.



SEE o'er the tented plain, in serried line,
The pride of Britain's soldiery arrayed ;
The tough Dragoon, tall Guardsman, and in plaid
—Stalwart and firm as Caledonia's pine—
With kilt and sable plume, the martial Scot.
There, deep embrowned with toil and tropic sun
Albion's and Erin's cohorts give to shine
The bayonets round which still freshly twine
Laurels, in many a hard-fought contest won ;
And hurlers of the shell and death-winged shot.
Proud gleam their ranks to-day ! for she they love,
Our Island Queen, delighting not in war,
Hath cheered them with her presence, thus to prove
England's Defenders—her peculiar care.

THE REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.

A GALA day for England ! see her pride
Of stately War-ships coursing o'er the deep,
Where the bright glistening surges constant sweep
Between the mainland and that favoured isle
Where England's Ocean's Queen is wont awhile
The cares of Sovereignty to lay aside.
Old memories of Trafalgar and the Nile
Crowd round a Nation's heart, as o'er the tide
Exultant peals the mimic battle's roar,
Telling of triumphs gained in days of yore ;
And round the Royal Fleet the Royal Bark doth glide.
Reverberating thunders wake the shore,
Respondent to the Captain of our Hosts
Whose voice of warning lives—Albion guard well your
Coasts !

HILLS, I would paint ye ! woods and gushing streams !
But that I lack the limner's magic art
To seize and fix those hues that oft impart
To Nature's forms the witchery of dreams.
Still as I gaze, fair intermitted beams
Of ever-changing light around ye throw
A richness and a variableness that glow
From dawn till twilight's last and faintest gleams.
Once more, on this serene autumnal day,
I have snatched the pencil, and again have tried,
Vainly, that power—to me full sure denied.
But why let envious plainings haunt my lay ?
Since I may not to Art's glad fanes aspire ;
Yet may I still rejoice—'tis given me to admire.

WATER PARK.

PLEASANT little Water Park,
How can I compare ye,
With your pleasant darkling woods,
Fittest haunt for fairy ?
Pleasant are ye in the time
When the blade is springing,
And from out the merry copse
The blackbird's note comes ringing.

Then, when on the budding spray
The throstle sings divinely,
And clear and free from bush and tree
The chaffinch trills as finely ;
Pleasant it is to bend our steps
Wherever fancy leads us,
Through the wood or by the lake,
To revel with the breezes :

To cross the pretty rustic bridge,
And linger by the hour,
Up where the shady summer-house
Rises, an ivy bower ;
There take our stand, and whilst we view
The mountains grand and hoary,
Confess that “ here they best appear,
In all their sunset glory.”

Or wander to the hamlet near,
To see “ Auld Elsie Penny ; ”
I will maintain, with my good name,
As rare a dame as any ;
And thus to while away the day,
Through all its golden hours,
Our hearts as free as bird or bee,
And happy as the flowers.

And when the leaf is almost shed,
In dark and drear November,
We draw around the cottage hearth,
Look forward, or remember

The days of sunny happiness,
We long have passed together,
At pleasant little Water Park,
In fair or rainy weather.

And when old Winter in his garb
Of frost and snow comes telling,
'Tis time for us to pack and leave
Our little favourite dwelling
We take our way across the hills,
Amid other scenes to dwell,
'Till Spring shall broaden o'er the land
And reillumine the fell.

THE HOLLY.

OH! what a jolly bush is the old Holly bush,
Cheering our path when the last leaf is gone ;
Lifting its merry face in every haunted place,
Ruddy and graceful, fresh, gallant and strong.
Hurrah! for the Holly, the old Christmas Holly!
Friend of our boyhood, our manhood, and age ;
Long may its berries bright, shed their rich ruddy light,
England's own plant and our prized heritage.

From its home on the rock, it laughs at the shock
Of the storm-king in wild fury charging ;
Or throws a light glance on the streams as they dance
On their way to the lake's silent margin :
And it gives to each nook such a bright pleasant look
That we've wondered what could have come o'er us,
When we've sighed for the flowers of the summer's gay
hours,
While neglecting the good set before us.

Who does not remember, in cold bleak December,
When Christmas hath crowned the dark waning year,
The loud burst of joy with which, maiden or boy,
We have hailed, in delight, the Holly-branch dear ?
Then live the green Holly ! the old Christmas Holly !
Friend of our childhood, our manhood, and age—
Long may its berries bright, shed their rich ruddy light
Winter's brave banner, our prized heritage !



TO A. D.

THE song I now would sing,
Should be a merry thing—

And not unmeet
To chaunt unto a maiden,
Nor sin nor sorrow laden,
—Passing sweet!

I'd sing of snowdrop bells,
Whose fairy music tells
A wond'rous tale
Of freshest April showers,
With breath of banded flowers
On the gale.

I'd sing of the young rose,
That, ever as it blows,
In fragrance vies

With each fair bud or bell—
The child of field or fell ;
Of summer skies ;

Of the music and the loves
Of the ever-changing groves ;
Of the song
Of the lark, whose matins rise
To the deep and quiet skies,
Clear and strong.

I'd sing of brightest joy ;
Of peace without alloy ;
And whisperings
Of angels bearing balm
—A soft and holy calm—
On their wings.

AFTER THE DECLARATION OF WAR.



A LULL of deep expectance fills the land,
Prelusive of the coming thunder-break—
The first dread shock of War ! Two nations take,
Urged by one impulse, their indignant stand ;
Resolved, united as one gallant band,
To crush the Despot's pride ; on him to wreak
Their vengeance dire, whose curse it is to break
The fair white wand of Peace. As, hand in hand,
England and France their rival banners wave,
All enmities forgotten, may they prove
—Constant as foes—still constant in their love :
Pledged, through all future years, the world to save
From the red scourge of the Oppressor's might,
And, in fair Freedom's name, the wronged to right.

AT SCARBOROUGH,
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE QUEEN'S CORONATION.

HARK ! to the sound of merry pealing bells,
And deep-voiced music of the surging sea,
Commingled in a two-fold harmony.
In tones, whose silvery sweetness heavenward swells
The one—with festive utterance—loudly tells
The day on which VICTORIA first was seen,
In virgin panoply, a crownèd Queen :
Deep seated in her people's love she dwells !
The distant murmur of the restless sea
Speaks of a grander presence, nobly sings—
In anthems audible—the King of kings,
Who ruleth over all eternally !
These sounds, prophetically mingling, seem
To cheer us as a spirit—Hope's glad beam !

TO M. R.,

AFTER RETURNING FROM YORKSHIRE AND THE COAST.

WE have travelled into Yorkshire, and have seen
Ripon's gray towers ; the Abbey old of Fountains ;
And, though we left the glory of the mountains,
Fields rich with corn, and meadows softly green
Were there to meet us ; and the steady sheen
Of friendship's lamp was with us on our way,
Lighting our steps so well and lovingly,
We may not soon forget these days, I ween !
The freshness of life's morning—childhood's days,
When, in light mood, we traversed merrily
Fair gleaming sands in not less favoured bays—
Came to us there, in whisperings from the sea.
Old friends to welcome us ; such scenes to view ;
Mary ! in truth, the hours appeared too few.

IN MEMORY OF J. W. F. H.

A LITTLE cross arrests the wandering gaze
Of all who linger in the pleasant shade
And quietude of Grasmere's green Church-yard ;
Memorial of a Boy, from earliest years
Led by the loving hand of sweet solicitude.
Of tender frame, his gentle spirit drew
Deep draughts of pure delight from music's strains.
When winds arose, and, sighing through the trees,
Wailed out a plaintive song, with wondering smile,
He raised his placid cheek, and listened to
The long low murmuring of the sweeping breeze.
The blessed sunbeams hover o'er the turf
That grows upon his grave ! He lives, we trust,
In Heaven with Angel-Spirits of the Just.

4210
66.9

